

MY MOTHER, STRAIGHTENING POTS AND PANS

squatting on vinyl
smoke puffing up
like some city in
New Jersey as
appalled at some
Sarah Lee pans I've
saved burned from
cheese melting in
them as she has been
at certain lovers
in my life. What you
need are a good set,
something solid to
last not such a
motley not these
stained chipped
she frowns straighten
ing and sorting as
if the tins were
my life

MY SISTER WANTS TO SUE THE TREES

copyright each
adverb she
deadlocks the
sky puts the
sun in a safe
deposit box
swallows the
key is afraid
of thunder sees
a killer in the
next bed sees
fleas in the
roses her ideas
in someone
else's book
won't let any
thing grow in
the house
never sees
herself

WE STILL CALL IT

Nanny's house
four years after
the funeral May
I dug up trillium
on a back road
and wait for it
to come up near
the window near
my desk, smaller
each year. It
was always Nanny
not Grams or Grand
ma and it was
her house even
when it swelled
with people and
kids slept
on the green
Chinese rug the
bathroom smell
ing of lavender.
She sang White
Cliffs of Dover
to me in the room
full of wasps
and a blood sun.
My grandfather
slashed at trees
the cherry and plum
and no one sprayed
the apple. "See
the trees are dancing"
the first sentence
I said in the car
chugging there
from Barre to her
house where she
brushed ants off
the peonies trimmed
planted the red spires
lacey and not seen
in many yards pale
dust rubies that
my uncle keeps
mistaking for
weeds and getting
chopped down.